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# THE DIAL

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Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY Francis F. Browne.

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## AN APOLOGIE FOR PIRACIE.

After experiencing the benefits of international copyright for thirteen years — *absit omen* — the act whereby those benefits were secured to American and English authors alike is now brought up for renewed discussion by no less a person than Mr. Howells, who, in his 'Editor's Easy Chair' for December, registers a half-querulous complaint, and suggests, at least, that our reading public has been in some ways a sufferer through the operation of the act in

question. The responsibility for the complaint is thrown, in part, upon the shoulders of an anonymous 'friend,' who is quoted as opining 'that the Devil has got hold of the job, and turned it to his own ends,' that 'no solid English book is reprinted here,' that our 'publishers don't look at a serious book,' and that 'no one now reads anything but trash,' and who closes his screed with the prediction that 'we shall relapse into barbarism, and then resort to piracy, which will so improve our minds that we shall again seek a lawful alliance, then degenerate again, and so on and so on.'

This whimsical plaint evidently appeals to Mr. Howells, for he proceeds on his own account, and in somewhat similar vein, to comment upon the consequences of our 'wanton benevolence' as expressed in the law of 1891. Although he does not write in the fashion of one who expects to be taken altogether seriously, he makes some rather positive assertions that challenge inquiry. He says, for example, that 'the law has strangely and curiously resulted in alienating the international public which the authors of the two countries chiefly concerned used to enjoy, or rather which used to enjoy them. English authors have now less currency in America than they had before the passage of the act, and American authors have less currency in England, although in the social, political, and commercial interests there has been so great an affinity of their respective nations.' Now assertions like these may without much difficulty be brought to the test of fact, and that test seems to us to refute the very bases of the argument so genially developed by Mr. Howells.

Discussing these strange propositions, 'The Publisher's Weekly' says flatly of their proponent that 'his conclusions are as wrong as his premises, and his premises as wrong as his facts.' Mr. George Haven Putnam, who, assuredly, does know the facts, likens the essayist's reasoning to that which is reputed, according to the old rhyme, to have made a heretic of Bishop Colenso.

'A bishop there was of Natal,  
Who a Zulu did take for a pal;  
Said the Zulu: "Look here,  
Ain't the Pentateuch queer?"  
Which converted my Lord of Natal.'

And Mr. George Platt Brett, who likewise knows the facts, declares that Mr. Howells's article 'fairly bristles with unfounded charges as to the evil effects of international copyright.'

Have American authors less currency in England than they had before the Copyright Act of 1891? The correspondent whom Mr. Howells quotes says that 'not even our worst authors are now popular in England, let alone our best ones. . . . The younger English readers do not know our good authors; and there is unhappily growing up in the racially and lingually related countries a generation reciprocally ignorant of their respective literatures.' Now if this be the case with our authors in the mother-country, it can hardly be a consequence of the act in question, for the simple reason that under that act our authors have practically the same standing that they had before. Before its adoption, they might, if they so desired, secure English copyright under substantially the same conditions at present. If more of them now do so than formerly, it is because they have become more enterprising in protecting their books from piracy. The proverbial stubbornness of facts when confronted with imaginary suppositions is illustrated by Mr. Brett's reference to the official statistics of our Government, 'which prove that, not only has the business of exporting books nearly doubled in the last five years, but that the value of books exported from this country is very much greater than the value of books imported into it.' Mr. Brett further avers that 'few American books of wide popularity fail to appear in special English editions printed abroad which find a public there certainly not smaller than that enjoyed by writers of native origin.' And he clinches his case by quoting a fellow-publisher to the following effect: 'The records of our sales show that instead of a decrease in the sale of American books in England there has been a greater sale of works by United States authors in that country during the last three years than ever before.'

So much having been said for one aspect of the question, let us now turn to the other. Here, of course, the case is somewhat different, for if an English author wishes to obtain copyright in this country upon our hard conditions, he may do so, whereas previous to 1891 he had no possible protection from our laws. Doubtless, under the act of 1891, we have diminished our reading of English literary rubbish, and substituted therefor the reading of the similar home product. But good English books are certainly obtainable in this country at prices that compare favorably with those at what the best American books are put upon the market. More than this it is not reasonable to expect. There have been a few instances, no doubt, in which important English books have had unusually high prices set upon them in both markets, a proceeding which we may consider unwise, but concerning which we have not the

shadow of a right to be dictatorial. A complaint upon this score is hardly more than a veiled apology for the piratical practices which so shamed us before the law ended them in 1891, and which flouted in the most brazen manner the rights of literary property. Mr. Putnam declares it to be 'undoubtedly the case that there has been with copyrighted foreign books a steady tendency to lower prices,' and in support of this proposition quotes Mr. Spofford's statement that 'the great benefit of international copyright has been the gradual decline in the price of standard foreign works.'

Thus the contention of Mr. Howells and his correspondent is shown to have not a leg upon which to stand; one of the two being completely amputated by the official facts, while the other, if still preserving a semblance of functional activity, is seen to be too crippled for any real usefulness. There is absolutely nothing in the considerations adduced which gives cause of legitimate complaint against our national protection of the rights of English authors. But there may be seen at many points, just beneath the surface, the crest of the reptile that was scotched in 1891 after years of effort. Mr. Howells should not speak of 'the ruthless but kindly rule of the pirate,' nor should he give voice to any plea based upon the grievance of our being no longer able to get English books by plunder. Of course he does not really mean that we ought to withdraw the protection of our law from English writers; and, despite what goes before, we have no doubt that his closing sentence, in which he says that we had better keep 'our historical novels and a good conscience' than get 'the best English fiction and the sense of having robbed the author,' is the expression of his inmost thought. Nevertheless, we cannot but regard as infelicitous the manner in which he has raised this buried subject of discussion.

As a matter of fact, our law should be amended for the further protection of English authors, and of the authors of the Continental countries. It still affords inadequate protection for works that have to be translated from foreign tongues, while the provision for double typesetting, inserted at the dictation of a selfish class interest, remains as a dark blot upon its character. As 'The Nation' remarked many years ago, this provision would be fairly matched by a provision that no foreigner landing in the United States should be entitled to the protection of the police and the courts until he had purchased, and was actually wearing, a suit of clothes made by an American tailor. Such is the *reductio ad absurdum* to which we are led by a candid examination of this most obnoxious clause in an otherwise commendable piece of legislation.

How our curious unwillingness to adopt a policy of thoroughgoing fairness toward foreign authors affects us in the eyes of the international public is strikingly illustrated by our copyright relations with Japan, an illustration which Mr. Putnam uses with telling effect. For some years we have been trying to secure a copyright treaty with that country, but the reply which the statesmen of Japan make to our request is, in substance, 'that when our nation has accepted the world's standard of action in regard to the recognition of literary property, and has become a party to the Convention of Berne, no separate treaty between the United States and Japan will be necessary.' In other words, the Asiatic empire accepts the civilized provisions of that Convention and the American commonwealth rejects them! It should be a cause for much searching of hearts, because, as Mr. Putnam justly says, this attitude on our part puts us outside 'the comity of nations' in the treatment of the rights of authors.

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#### THE THANKLESS MUSE.

Again and again the would-be author is warned not to adopt literature as a vocation, but, if he must dabble in letters, to let his writing be merely an avocation, a side issue, a harmless relaxation from the stern business of law or medicine or theology or trade. It is time a word were uttered on the other side, and a plea made for what Milton allowed himself to call 'the thankless Muse.'

At the outset it will of course be understood that if one's ambition is to 'get on' in a worldly sense, if fame and fortune and a numerous progeny are the objects of desire, literature is an excellent calling not to embrace. But presupposing that one has enough of the ascetic and the stoic in his composition to enable him to eat bread and pulse (if need be) with a glad heart, literature will be found to offer not merely compensations but real and positive satisfactions, and that too, most often, in inverse ratio to the success, commercially considered, that is attained in its pursuit. 'Nature is satisfied with little, and if she be so, even so am I.' Thus said Spinoza, the excommunicated Jew, who, as tradition has it, was forced by poverty to abandon his hope of winning the gifted Clara Maria van den Ende and soon became absorbed in a more ideal love-suit—to immortal truth. A more strenuous literary life than his it would be hard to imagine. Practicing, from choice as well as from necessity, a rigid economy in daily life, confined somewhat closely to his chamber both by the exacting nature of his studies and

by the state of his health, the life-long object of malignant assault and acrimonious abuse from the orthodox, alienated even as a youth from his family and early friends, and in hearty intellectual accord with none of his contemporaries, this heroic scholar and writer has yet given us his word that his life was a happy one. Problems perplexed him until it was easier for him to work at their solution than to refrain; and in this inward compulsion he found his happiness.

Counsels of perfection are cheap, and it is not the present writer's purpose to indulge in them. But the name of Spinoza, the devoted seeker and declarer of truth, calls up that of his great English contemporary, who counted it gain to lose his eyesight in penning his '*Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*.' Warned by his physician what he must expect, 'I would not have listened,' Milton declares, 'to the voice of *Aesculapius* himself in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast: my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight or the desertion of my duty. . . . I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me as beneficial as possible to the common weal.' Another devoted follower of literature and learning, but one whom we are more inclined to think of as a dry-as-dust gerund-grinder, an arrogant and irritable pedant, than as an acute writer and reasoner of recognized authority, is the younger Scaliger. Living in the century preceding that of Spinoza and Milton, and when literature received even less recognition as a reputable calling, Joseph Scaliger had the courage to be true to himself. When as a young man he was offered an assistant-professorship of law at Valence in acknowledgment of his remarkable attainments in jurisprudence, he did not for a moment hesitate in his reply or so much as dream of turning his back on literature, which he rated above law, medicine, the church, or any other calling. He had mastered law merely as an instrument of philological inquiry, which was in his eyes not an amusement for the ingenious, but the only means of interpreting ancient records.

Those who have read (as all ought to have) Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, will remember what he says in his closing chapter about the consolations of literature. 'It has been with me,' he writes, 'a source of continual pleasure, distinct from other pleasures, to evolve new thoughts, and to be in some sort a spectator of the way in which, under persistent contemplation, they gradually unfolded into completeness. There is a keen delight in intellectual conquest—in appropriating a portion of the unknown and bringing it within the realm of the known.' But of mere success as

an author in the eyes of the world, he maintains that when it is achieved it often brings vexations and worries greatly overbalancing the pleasures. ‘Adverse criticisms of utterly unjust kinds frequently pursue the conscientious writer, not only during his period of struggle, but after he has reached his desired position. Careless mis-statements and gross misrepresentations continually exasperate him; and if he measures the pains produced by these against the pleasures produced by due appreciation, he is likely to find them in excess.’ Again he declares: ‘Of literary distinction, as of so many other things which men pursue, it may be truly said that the game is not worth the candle. . . A transitory emotion of joy may be produced by the first marks of success; but after a time the continuance of success excites no emotion which rises above the ordinary level.’ In the same vein he writes, ‘It is indeed astonishing to what an extent men are deluded into pursuit of the bubble reputation when they have within their reach satisfactions which are much greater.’ But for him who devotes himself to serious authorship not for the sake of reputation or pecuniary return, there are ample rewards in store, though he must be prepared to practise renunciation. Spencer tells us that a writer of this class ‘must be content to remain celibate, unless indeed he obtains a wife having adequate means for both, and is content to put himself in the implied position. Even then family cares and troubles are likely to prove fatal to his undertakings. As was said to me by a scientific friend, who himself knew by experience the effect of domestic worries—“Had you married there would have been no system of philosophy.”’ But, ‘after all,’ Spencer concludes in his own case, ‘my celibate life has probably been the best for me as well as the best for some unknown other.’ As Gibbon solaced himself with a history instead of a wife, so Spencer found compensation in his Synthetic Philosophy for the renounced conjugal joys; and in the ‘weeks, months and years of wretched nights and vacant days’ that made existence for him ‘a long-drawn weariness,’ the one thing that supported him and gave him a motive for continuing the struggle was the hope, however faint, of finishing his self-appointed task.

Having, then, pondered Spencer’s words of counsel and warning, and made up our minds to attempt something in literature to benefit mankind, we are further cautioned by our philosopher to be ready to bear losses and privations, and perhaps ridicule. For ‘adequate appreciation of writings not adapted to satisfy popular desires is long in coming, if it ever comes; and it comes the more slowly to one who is either not in literary circles, or, being in

them, will not descend to literary “log-rolling” and other arts by which favourable recognition is often gained. Comparative neglect is almost certain to follow one who declines to use influence with reviewers, as I can abundantly testify.’

These quotations may be thought much more deterrent than encouraging to the literary aspirant. Let them rather nerve him to sterner and loftier endeavor. What there is of truth in them can work him no harm. It is astonishing how little is required, of material resources, to support a life of plain living and high thinking. There is more than a kernel of truth in what Thoreau, a writer eminently unsuccessful in a business way, says of the poet. ‘The poet is he that hath fat enough, like bears and martens, to suck his claws all winter. He hibernates in this world and feeds on his own marrow.’

Perhaps, therefore, the best fortune one can wish a young writer is to be ever on the eve of a great success, but never quite to attain it; for with complete success, if such there be, must come disillusion, weariness, and disgust. It is only those who take the static and not the dynamic view of life who cherish expectations of gaining this perfectly satisfying success, which always turns out to be simply another name for stagnation and death. What is better than to be beckoned forever onward by the ideal that alone gives purpose and meaning to one’s life? ‘Every motive of a great artist must, in its perfect completion, open the mind, as it were, to perceive a still greater work, which hovers invisibly above it, and fills us, while we know not whence it comes, with that ever unsatisfied curiosity which, after fancying it has exhausted all, feels, at the very moment we turn away, that it has only seen the smallest part.’ So says Hermann Grimm in his biography of Michael Angelo. It is the dimming of this ideal, the blurring and blotting of this beatific vision, that is too often wrought by that success which is measured in terms of popular applause and in dollars and cents. From this kind of success we cannot too fervently pray that our weakness may be delivered. The book that wins immediate acclaim with the masses, and large pecuniary returns, is the book an author should devoutly hope never to write.

The humorous complaint of a popular writer that not one of her offered contributions had ever been rejected by an editor, because she wrote nothing of sufficient depth to be misunderstood, may well have had a note of sincerity in it. Immediate favor is often won at the cost of subsequent neglect. The purveyor to the demands of the hour seldom ministers to the needs of the centuries. To be sure, it may be

said that it is very easy to affect a fine scorn of an unattainable success; and disparagement of even a transitory renown will inevitably recall a certain ancient fable. But it has never been proved that the grapes were not really sour. The chances are very many that, could they have been reached, they would have proved somewhat disappointing. At the utmost, they would have yielded but a momentary gratification. This much, finally, is certain, that in the success that tempts or forces one to renounce a congenial solitude for the whirl of society, a lettered seclusion for the glare of publicity, the silent approval of one's conscience for the resounding plaudits of the crowd, there lurks a very real danger. Gregariousness, it has been well said, is not conducive to the production of fine literature. The generative process will not be exposed to the vulgar gaze; conception has its mysterious laws, in things of the spirit even more than in those of the body; and to him alone who will 'strictly meditate the thankless Muse' shall it be given to effect something praiseworthy in literature, and to learn that the Muse, thus courted, is not so thankless a mistress after all.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### COMMUNICATION.

##### JAPANESE IMPERIAL POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The poems of the Japanese Emperor always possess interest to his people; but his recent metrical ventures have a special significance in the present crisis, as the following clipping from the 'Japan Times' will show:

'The Kokumin, which, in its Imperial Birthday number, devoted the editorial column to an eulogy of the illustrious virtues and sublime wisdom of our most august Emperor, the well-spring of Japanese patriotism, Japanese loyalty and Japanese valour, knows the right chord whereby to touch the nation's mind, when it recurs, as it does, to the same subject by reproducing some of His Majesty's latest poetical compositions (*uta*), with appropriate remarks. The journal quotes three of these, and our literal translation of them, which cannot be expected to do justice to the Imperial original, is as follows:

"The sons, all  
In the field of battle  
To serve are gone;  
Alone the aged,  
Fields and farms guard!"'

"Gods of yore still living,  
Their divine minds  
Please it will  
The faith and devotion  
My nation, my people display."

"This age, when think we,  
The seas of four quarters  
All brothers and sisters are;  
Why wind and waves  
Rage and agitate so?"'

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, Dec. 1, 1904.

#### The New Books.

##### MEMOIRS OF AN IRISH POET.\*

A biography of Aubrey Thomas de Vere could hardly fail to be interesting. His mind and character were so noble, his personality was so attractive, his friendships among great contemporaries were so numerous, that an account of his life and achievements could hardly fail to charm. The present volume, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, is intended to take the place of the second volume of recollections which Mr. de Vere had planned (the first appearing in 1897), but of which he had at death written practically nothing. As his literary executor, Mr. Ward found many of his letters and many passages in his diaries suitable for publication. These he has skilfully woven into a readable narrative, in such a way as to let the poet tell his own story and reveal his own mind and temperament, at the same time furnishing 'some graphic contemporary descriptions of great men.'

Many will regret that Mr. Ward has not given us a fuller biography, based on all of de Vere's published recollections and on a full collection of his letters. Little is here said, for example, of his poetry and of his position among the Victorian singers. But we must respect Mr. Ward's plea that the limit of time prescribed by Mr. de Vere for the publication of this work rendered a fuller biography impossible; and that the materials presented are, after all, sufficient to give a true picture of the man himself.

The life of Aubrey de Vere was a long and comparatively uneventful one. Born in the year before Waterloo, he survived all of his famous contemporaries, living through a year of the new century. Although he took a keen interest in public affairs,—the distresses of Ireland, the American Civil War, the ecclesiastical controversies of the time,—his life was mainly spent in solitude, in the study of poetry and theology. Destined by his father for the Church, he seems from an early age to have been fond of theological reading and a close student of religious problems. The narrative of his gradual change of belief, which led to his reception in 1851 into the Church of Rome, is well told, of course at considerable length and with sympathetic approval. Mr. Ward speaks on these matters with no uncertain voice; yet we must commend his thoroughly broad and liberal treatment of the whole subject.

\* AUBREY DE VERE. A Memoir, Based on his Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. With portraits. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of the Oxford Movement and its tendencies, so far as he touches on them here.

De Vere's theological speculations, however, did not remove him entirely from the world of action. During the terrible famine of 1846-7, he devoted himself to energetic work on relief committees, and to that close study of the Irish situation which bore fruit in 1848 in his 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,' which Lord Manners pronounced 'the most valuable contribution to our Irish political literature since the days of Burke,' and in almost every passage of which even Carlyle found 'much to agree with.' Throughout his life, his voice and pen were active in the effort to ameliorate the conditions in Ireland, and to solve such perplexing questions as that of adjusting land difficulties and of providing for the university education of larger numbers of Catholic Irishmen.

Yet while Aubrey de Vere won some distinction as an able political thinker, he will be remembered chiefly as a poet. Poetry was his real vocation; and though he failed to win wide recognition,\* his devotion to poetry was none the less ardent. His failure to win popular favor is explainable on more than one ground. One reason he himself gives, in a letter to Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

'Literary labour, with the hope of a result, must be a very animating thing! For a great many years I have never written anything in prose or verse without the knowledge that, on account of jealousies and animosities, either political or polemical, what I wrote was in fact but a letter to some few friends, known and unknown, to be illustrated by a good deal of abuse, and recalled to my recollection by the printer's bill. I am of the unpopular side, you know, in England because I am a Catholic, and in Ireland because I am opposed to revolutionary schemes.'

Moreover, as Hutton pointed out to him, his poetry lacked a certain force which might have arrested the ear of a wider public. Besides, his choice of Christian themes tended to diminish the volume of that poetry which appealed to a public not always sensible of the real value of Christianity, or at least indifferent to the thoughts and moods of the pietist. We must bear in mind, too, that from 1850 on, Tennyson was the dominant figure in British poetry; and that, as Henry Taylor wrote to de Vere in 1850, 'there is hardly ever more than one poet flourishing at a time, as there is only one *Prima Donna*.' Yet we venture to believe that with the coming of a day of larger toleration

\* So little known is Aubrey Thomas de Vere that he has often been confused with his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere (1788-1846), author of 'The Duke of Mercia,' 'Julian the Apostate,' 'Mary Tudor,' 'The Lamentation of Ireland,' some sonnets, etc. This confusion, for example, exists in the early volumes of Poole's Index, and in the English Catalogue, 1816-51; while in a well-known anthology of world literature the brief sketch of Sir Aubrey is embellished with a portrait of his son!

and broader sympathies, the poetry of Aubrey de Vere will be more widely read, and a more appreciative public will concede to him that higher position among the inspired group to which he is justly entitled.

We have already alluded to the friendships of Aubrey de Vere. Like Carlyle, he was a hero-worshipper; and his heroes were his friends. He came early under the spell of Wordsworth, and first came to know the old bard in London in 1841. A letter to his sister gives young de Vere's impressions, from which we quote a few sentences.

'He strikes me as the kindest and most simple-hearted old man I know. He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same. As for quality, a sort of thinking aloud, a perpetual purring of satisfaction. . . . I was at first principally struck by the extraordinary purity of his language, and the absolute perfection of his sentences; but by degrees I came to find a great charm in observing the exquisite balance of his mind, and the train of associations in which his thoughts followed each other. . . . He is the voice, and Nature the instrument; and they always keep in perfect tune.'

In 1842, de Vere stayed in Wordsworth's own house,—'the greatest honour,' he declared, 'of his life.' For nearly fifty years following the death of Wordsworth in 1850, he made an annual pilgrimage to the poet's grave.

De Vere's friendship with Tennyson began in 1841 or 1842. His contribution to the Tennyson Memoir is of no small importance; and Mr. Ward prints some passages from the diaries which give us further interesting pictures of the future poet laureate.

'April 17 [1845].—I called on Alfred Tennyson, and found him at first much out of spirits. He cheered up soon, and read me some beautiful Elegies, complaining much of some writer in "Fraser's Magazine" who had spoken of the "foolish facility" of Tennysonian poetry.'

'April 18.—Sat with Alfred Tennyson, who read MS. poetry to Tom Taylor and me. Walked with him to his lawyer's: came back and listened to the "University of Women." . . . As I went away, he said he would willingly bargain for the reputation of Suckling or Lovelace, and alluded to "the foolish facility of Tennysonian poetry." Said he was dreadfully cut up by all he had gone through.'

'May 9.—Alfred Tennyson came in and smoked his pipe. He told us with pleasure of his dinner with Wordsworth,—was pleased as well as amused by Wordsworth saying to him, "Come, brother bard, to dinner," and taking his arm.'

While Wordsworth was de Vere's acknowledged master in poetry, Newman was his guide in religious thought. Yet he was never a servile imitator. In 1850, a year before he became a Catholic, he thus wrote of Newman, who had joined the Roman communion five years before:

'There is, as you say, occasionally an iron hard-

ness in J. Newman; but in him, as in Dante, there is also an exquisite and surpassing sweetness, which makes me regard the hardness as but that tribute of strength and hardihood which accompanies the heroic mind. . . . *Breadth* of mind may not be Newman's peculiar excellence, but that is only one form of greatness out of many. The only part of his mind which I do not like is that which comes out in his vein of irony.

Elsewhere he speaks of Wordsworth and Newman as 'England's two greatest men of late times.'

The volume abounds in glimpses of other great men,—Coleridge, Carlyle, Browning, Richard Monckton Milnes, Sir Henry Taylor, Manning, Vaughan, Faber, Gladstone,—a group of characters who loom up large on the stage of Victorian politics, literature, and ecclesiastical history, and most of whom were men of remarkable personality. Yet not the least of the reader's reward comes from his more intimate knowledge of a pure and unselfish life, lived largely in the service of his fellows; a poet who here reveals himself most fully as the patriot and the friend.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

#### FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.\*

The titanic struggle for predominance in Asia is beginning to have its echoes in books brought out in our own country. The feeling that the United States is intimately involved in the results of the combat is taken for granted by the three writers whose books make so important a contribution to the general understanding of the subject, though the first of them is at some pains to demonstrate the reasons for America's interest, the others assuming it as a fact.

Dr. K. Asakawa is lecturer on the civilization and history of East Asia at Dartmouth College; he is a graduate of Yale, and his fitness for the task of detailing the causes and issues of 'The Russo-Japanese Conflict' is certified to by Professor Williams, under whom he studied at New Haven. But he required no credentials beyond the subject-matter of his own narrative, which is a clear and logical presentation of the cause of his native land, with an endeavor to make an unprejudiced statement of the side of its adversaries also. In the latter effort he is as successful as any one could reasonably expect, his desire to quote from Rus-

sian authorities wherever they have spoken amounting to solicitude. He accepts tacitly the economic interpretation of history upon which Karl Marx and his followers insist, proving that the vast increase in the population of Japan requires an outlet on the Asiatic mainland, and setting forth the right and interests recently acquired by Japan in both Manchuria and Korea. It is easy to glean from these showings that the very existence of the nation demands a freedom of commercial exchanges which Russia is not at all ready to grant since her acquisition of Manchuria and her scheming for the control of the Korean government. Japan is compelled to import large quantities of food-stuffs for the support of her population, payment for which can be made only through the sale of her factory products. This requires an open door in Manchuria, for Japan essentially, for the United States and Great Britain in less degree. Korea is, as the Japanese statesman observes, a sword thrust out against Japan from the continent, no less than the obvious outlet for the surplus population of the island empire. It is also an effectual wedge thrust into the heart of Russian schemes for the stupendous theft of Manchuria from China, a permanent threat against the reactionary commercial policy of St. Petersburg. War was inevitable; and, the circumstances being what they are, peace seems remote.

Of the broad causes leading up to hostilities, Dr. Asakawa tells us little not already known. But in details and the marshalling of facts he is far fuller than anyone preceding him. He is especially solicitous to disavow the imputation of revenge for the iniquity of Russian intervention, in company with France and Germany, after the war with China, as a *casus belli*; but he shows that this attitude on the part of Russia was the means of awakening Japan to a sense of the need for warlike preparations. As for the diplomatic negotiations immediately preceding the war, he is content with showing how often Russia had been successful, even with Japan itself, in the same sort of policy, though he does not lay quite the stress needed on Russia's assumption that Japan would not fight—that 'the bluff would not be called,' in the language of the card-table, which is often the logic of diplomacy as well. The book contains portraits of the statesmen who figure in its pages, and may be taken as a valuable contribution to contemporary history from the end of the war with China through the diplomatic correspondence immediately following the outbreak of hostilities.

Mr. Frederick Palmer's volume, 'With Kuroki in Manchuria,' presents a newspaper correspondent's pictures of Japanese readiness and skill in warfare, confirming the impressions

\* THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CONFLICT. Its Causes and Issues. By K. Asakawa, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Frederick Wells Williams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA. By Frederick Palmer. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA WITH THE JAPANESE. By Louis Livingston Seaman, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

already accepted in this country, and leaving little doubt that the perfection of Japanese discipline and the qualities of Japanese character will enable her armies to maintain their position against heavy odds, even though the Russians themselves are undergoing a rapid education in military matters. Mr. Palmer was present at the crossing of the Yalu River, and his story closes with the occupation of Liao-Yang: it did not seem possible to him that Russia would attempt to retake her position in that city, so he failed to see one of the greatest and most disastrous of Russian repulses. At the close of his book, Mr. Palmer indulges somewhat in the dubious game of prophecy, and his most interesting prognostication follows:

'If after repeated attempts Russia fails, then from sheer exhaustion on both sides peace will come. If she succeeds, the line of least resistance for her by which she can re-establish her prestige in the East is to swing in flank upon Peking, while Germany at Kiauchow and France in southern China will not say her nay. England and America cannot run their battleships over the plains of Chi-li. The limit of their power is the range of their naval guns, unless they land troops. Port Arthur, with her harbor open to reinforcements and supplies, is an impregnable fortress. Russia cannot take Port Arthur or Korea with Japan in command of the sea. If England and the United States are so far negligent of their selfish interests as ever to permit Japan to lose command of the sea, England will no longer be a power in the Far East, and the United States might as well cede her Pacific coast to Mexico so far as trade or influence on the eastern shores of the Pacific are concerned. Russia's pride is bitten deep. She will have no honest truce with the Anglo-Saxons now. Our course is clear.'

Mr. Palmer believes that if Japan takes Harbin the war will abruptly cease, and that an army of a million men is needed by Russia to drive Japan back to the Korean frontier. His entire book is vividly written, and will be found as informing as it is interesting in its accounts of the actual fighting. Numerous reproduced photographs by Mr. Hare add greatly to its value.

If Mr. Palmer's book is taken as proof of Japan's capabilities in destructive warfare, that of Dr. Seaman, 'From Tokio through Manchuria with the Japanese,' is equally important as showing their constructive and conserving qualities. As a military surgeon (attached to our armies in the Philippines), Dr. Seaman's chief interest naturally lay in the treatment of the sick and wounded in times of war, as well as the means taken to prevent sickness in the field. The testimony he gives regarding Japanese science and skill shows that remarkable people to be as far in advance of European and American civilization in these respects as they appear to be in all others that constitute an effective army and navy. Dr. Seaman had some interesting experiences in Manchuria, at Che-

foo, and in attempting to reach Port Arthur; but prominence is always given to the hospitals and medical systems. What he says of the health of the Japanese troops is almost incredible in view of the fact that in the war with Spain the United States lost fourteen soldiers through preventable disease for every one who died in action, and that Great Britain in South Africa, and France in the Madagascar expedition, did little better,—or, rather, did worse. Listen!

'The medical officer [Japanese] is omnipresent. You will find him in countless places where in an American or British army he has no place. He is as much at the front as in the rear. He is with the first screen of scouts, with his microscope and chemicals, testing and labelling wells, so that the army to follow shall drink no contaminated water. When the scouts reach a town, he immediately institutes a thorough examination of its sanitary condition, and if contagion or infection is found he quarantines and places a guard around the dangerous district. Notices are posted, so that the approaching column is warned, and no soldiers are billeted where danger exists.'

The Japanese rank and file seem to be as much more cleanly, temperate, and moral than the American or British as these last are than the Russian—which is saying a great deal. Mr. Palmer bears witness to the fact that the Japanese army not only took sanitary care of itself, but of all the filth left by its retreating adversaries. Even flies, he observes, disappeared, in spite of the swarming myriads generated in Russian squalor and ignorance. Small wonder is it that the wards for intestinal and contagious diseases in the Japanese hospitals are empty, and that, as Dr. Seaman says, 'The loss from preventable disease in the first six months of the terrible conflict with Russia will be but a fraction of one per cent.—this, too, in Manchuria, a country notoriously unhealthy.' In the Spanish-American war, he notes that 'The mortality from bullets and wounds was 268, while that from disease reached the appalling number of 3,862,' on the American side. And in regard to the wounded, an even more remarkable exhibit is made, stated thus:

'Up to August 1st, 9,862 cases had been received at the Reserve Hospital at Hiroshima, of whom 6,636 were wounded. Of the entire number up to that time, only 34 had died. Up to July 20th, the hospital ship *Hakuui Maru* alone brought 2,406 casualties from the front without losing a case in transit. Up to July 1st, 1,105 wounded—a large proportion of whom were stretcher cases—were received in the hospitals at Tokio; none died, and all but one presented favorable prognoses.'

Such facts as these lend significance to the statement of a distinguished Japanese officer with whom Dr. Seaman discussed Russia's overwhelming numbers.

'Yes; we are prepared for that. Russia may be able to place 2,000,000 men in the field. We can

furnish 500,000. You know in every war four men die of disease for every one who falls from bullets. That will be the position of Russia in this war. We propose to eliminate disease as a factor. Every man who dies in our army must fall on the field of battle. In this way we shall neutralize the superiority of Russian numbers and stand on a comparatively equal footing."

Very suggestively does Dr. Seaman observe, comparing American methods with Japanese, "The only difference is, we talk, while Japan acts."

WALLACE RICE.

#### THE PUBLIC MANAGEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES.\*

In the Spring of 1904, I wrote to a correspondent, a well-known student of municipal affairs, that I was about to visit England. In replying, he desired me to take note of various things, but particularly to notice the terms upon which public franchises were being granted in that country. It so happened that in the course of my visit I met Mr. John Burns, member of Parliament and of the London County Council; and to him I referred the question put by my correspondent. "Upon what terms are we granting franchises?" said he; "upon no terms!" — and he proceeded to tell me how many cities had taken over their street-cars, their water-works, electric-lighting, and what not. Mr. Burns did not exaggerate; municipal ownership is in the air of England to-day, and as yet there is nothing to show that public control is losing favor. When the progressives of the London County Council undertook to govern the metropolis, so far as their powers permitted, there were many who predicted disaster. The rule of these "theorists" has indeed cost money, but it has produced so many blessings that it has won approval, and in spite of abuse the result of each election has been a progressive victory. The story of the London County Council, with the visible results of its work, are I think of more significance than anything else in England to-day.

Such a movement naturally and properly produces its own literature. If the judgment of contemporary writers is not exactly impartial, it is at all events the fruit of genuine mental perturbation. The thing, whether it appears good or bad, has to be dealt with somehow, and no writer doubts that his judgment upon it is of great moment. The time for mere disdain, or even for mere opposition, is past.

\* MUNICIPAL TRADE. The Advantages and Disadvantages Resulting from the Substitution of Representative Bodies for Private Proprietors in the Management of Industrial Undertakings. By Major Leonard Darwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE COMMON SENSE OF MUNICIPAL TRADING. By Bernard Shaw. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd.

In this spirit, and quite honestly, does Major Darwin discuss Municipal Trade in a work of 464 pages. His book is the result of much research, and is full of interesting information. Very conveniently for the reader, the gist of each chapter is summed up in a few sentences, so that it is possible to get at the main arguments of the author almost too easily, and the impression gathered from the detailed perusal of the text may be confirmed by the author's own summary. It is stated at the outset that Municipal Trade is increasing rapidly, and is more extensively undertaken in Great Britain than in any other country. Municipal Trade and Socialism are said to be products of the same forces; but this volume has no immediate concern with the latter. "The strongest argument in favor of Municipal Trade is that companies, looking mainly to making profits, may, in the case of monopolies, ignore questions connected with public health, morals, order, or convenience. Municipal Trade is, therefore, undoubtedly right in many cases." However, there is the danger of corruption; "a large number of voters being in the pay of the State adds greatly to the probability of corruption." Then follows a detailed discussion of various cases, and a demonstration of the unreliability of statistics, with such statements as these: "No gain is made by Municipal Trade unless a risk is run. . . Municipal Trade diminishes competition and checks progress. . . Looking to the future, a reformed municipal trade should be compared with a reformed private trade." The last sentence indicates the main position of the author, which is that private trade may be so reformed and controlled as to serve all public purposes as well or better than municipal trade, with the exception of certain specified undertakings, which it is held should be in public hands.

On the whole, Major Darwin goes so far that one wonders why he does not go farther. The reason is, apparently, that he cannot escape from a certain old-fashioned point of view, born of the orthodox political economy of the last century. He cannot see things in their broader light, being too much concerned with financial profit-and-loss, and too afraid of "subsidising" one class at the expense of the rest, — as if private trade did not do this on a gigantic scale! Consequently his book is hailed in certain quarters as a really scientific demonstration of the fallacies of modern socialistic movements; whereas it actually affords a remarkable illustration of the working of the new wine, though it be in old bottles.

It is impossible in a brief review article to discuss the arguments pro and con, but reference may be made to page 57, where it is urged

that sentimental considerations cannot be allowed to weigh in the balance.

A feeling of gratification at their city's achievements is felt by most citizens, especially by those possessing the municipal franchise, because the sentiment that they have a share in the ownership and management of large municipal works is agreeable to them, even if that share be excessively small; and such feelings will create a desire for a further increase in the number of the functions to be performed by municipalities. But does this desire, founded on this feeling, indicate in the slightest degree that any such increase in the functions performed by the state would be beneficial? We are considering whether the popularity of Municipal Trade proves it to be *intrinsically* beneficial; and, as far as popularity depends on mere sentiment, it obviously proves nothing.

On the contrary, it seems to me that if a given municipal enterprise (or anything else) produces a feeling of gratification in the minds of the citizens, that feeling in itself is an asset of a valuable kind, fairly to be set even against financial loss. Major Darwin must surely admit that even if (as was not stated) the gratification of the 'sentiment' involved some loss of money, the exchange might be no robbery, or otherwise he should hesitate the next time he buys a ticket to the theatre, or treats himself to any innocent form of amusement.

The American reader will find the use of the word 'corporation,' meaning always a public body, rather confusing. It will also be recognized, in comparing American experiences, that what will succeed in one place may very well fail in another; in other words, the ability of any city to develop the best type of government depends upon the character of its citizens. At the same time, it has been justly urged that public mismanagement sufficient to create a national scandal may yet be a small thing compared with the almost unrecorded fruits of private rapacity,—a fact which should prevent us from being discouraged by apparent failures.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's little book on 'The Common Sense of Municipal Trading' comes like a breath of fresh air to dispel the fogs engendered by fruitless controversy. Characteristically, he says in his preface: 'I hope nobody will be deterred from reading this book by the notion that the subject is a dry one. It is, on the contrary, one of the most succulent in the whole range of literature.' And so it is, in his hands. I am sorry I cannot quote the whole book; any mere summary would be inadequate. The following quotation will best serve to give an idea of Mr. Shaw's point of view, and if it is rather longer than is usually permitted in a review, I think no apology is necessary:

'Consider the case of a great dock company. Near the docks three institutions are sure to be found: a workhouse, an infirmary, and a police court. The loading and unloading of ships is

dangerous labor, and to a great extent casual labor, because the ships do not arrive in regular numbers of regular tonnage at regular intervals, nor does the work average itself sufficiently to keep a complete staff regularly employed as porters at a railway station. Numbers of men are taken on and discharged just as they are wanted, at sixpence an hour (in London) or less. This is convenient for the dock company; but it surrounds the dock with a demoralized, reckless and desperately poor population. No human being, however solid his character and careful his training, can loaf at the street corner waiting to be picked up for a chance job without becoming more or less of a vagabond: one sees this even in the artistic professions, where the same evil exists under politer conditions, as unmistakably as in the ranks of casual labor. The shareholders and directors do not live near the docks, so this does not affect them personally. But the rate payers who do live near the dock are affected very seriously both in person and pocket. A visit to the workhouse and a chat with one of the Poor Law Guardians will help to explain matters.'

'Into that workhouse every dock laborer can walk at any moment, and, by announcing himself as a destitute person, compel the guardians to house and feed and clothe him at the expense of the rate-payers. When he begins to tire of the monotony of "the able bodied ward" and its futile labor, he can wait until a ship comes in; demand his discharge; do a day's work at the docks; spend the proceeds in a carouse and a debauch; and return to the workhouse next morning, again a destitute person. This is systematically done at present by numbers of men who are by no means the least intelligent or capable of their class. Occasionally the carouse ends in their being taken to the police station instead of returning immediately to the workhouse. And if they are unlucky at their work, they may be carried for surgical treatment to the infirmary; for in large docks accidents that require hospital treatment occur in busy times at intervals of about fifteen minutes. Finally, when they are worn out, they subside into the workhouse permanently as aged paupers until they are buried by the guardians.'

'Now workhouses, infirmaries and police courts cannot be maintained for nothing. Of late years workhouses have become much more expensive; in fact the outcry against the increase of the rate, which is being so vigorously used to discredit municipal trading, is due primarily and overwhelmingly to Poor Law, and only secondarily to educational and police expenditures, and has actually forced forward those branches of municipal trading which promise contributions out of their profits in relief of the general rate. This expenditure out of the rates on the workhouse is part of the cost of poverty and demoralization; and if these are caused in any district by the employment of casual labor, and its remuneration at less than subsistence rates, then it is clear that a large part of the cost of the casual labor is borne by the ratepayer and not by the dock company. The dividends, in fact, come straight out of the ratepayers' pockets, and are not in any real sense profits at all. Thus it is one of the many ironies of the situation that the sacrifices the ratepayer makes to relieve the poor really go largely to subsidize the rich.'

'A municipality cannot pick the ratepayer's pocket in this fashion. Transfer the docks to the municipality, and it will not be able to justify a loss at the workhouse and police station by a profit at the docks. The ratepayer does not go into the accounts; all he knows is whether the total number

of pence in the pound has risen or fallen. Consequently the municipality, on taking over the docks, would be forced to aim in the first instance at organizing its work so as to provide steady permanent employment for its laborers at a living wage, even at the cost of being overstaffed on slack days, until the difficulty had been solved by new organization and machinery, as such difficulties always are when they can no longer be shirked. Under these conditions it is quite possible that the profits made formerly by the dock company might disappear; but if a considerable part of the pauperism and crime of the neighborhood disappeared simultaneously, the bargain would be a very profitable one indeed for the ratepayers, though the *Times* would abound with letters contrasting the former commercial prosperity of the dock company with the present "indebtedness" of the municipality.' (Pp. 21-24.)

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN LITERATURE.\*

Something of a new departure in the machinery for a critical study of our native authors is noted in the appearance of three attractive volumes forming the beginning of what is announced as 'The Wampum Library of American Literature.' When completed, this enterprise will include 'a series of uniform volumes, each of which shall deal with the development of a single literary species, tracing the evolution of this definite form here in the United States, and presenting in chronological sequence typical examples chosen from the writings of American authors. The editors of the several volumes provide critical introductions in which they outline the history of the form as it has been evolved in the literature of the world.' The entire work is under the editorial supervision of Prof. Brander Matthews. We regard the plan as timely and useful. If the succeeding volumes are as capably edited as the three now published, the series will prove of great value in the historical study of our literature, and will go far in substantiating the existence of a definite body of compositions to which the distinctive title of *American* literature may properly and worthily be applied. That there is a quality as well as a tone in the work of our own authors notably distinct from that of the British product is emphasized in at least two of the three volumes at hand.

Naturally one's attention is drawn to the critical essays introducing the selections in the several volumes, and to the principles which have directed the choice of the specimens pre-

sented. Taking first the volume of Short Stories we find that Mr. Baldwin has planned, both in his introduction and in his illustrations, to emphasize development. He particularly states that it is not his purpose to collect the *best* American short stories. Recognizing this particular literary development as altogether an indigenous growth, he notes the appearance of Poe's 'Berenice' (1835) as the emergence of the definite form. Previous to this date lies the period of experiment. Taking Irving's 'Rip Van Winkle' as the initial example, significant in its method of the influence of both Addison and Goldsmith, the editor points out that the 'sketch,' as Irving correctly termed his work, is not identical in form with the type which was to be evolved. As further specimens of the productions of this tentative period he cites the wonderfully clever tale by William Austin, entitled 'Peter Rugg, the Missing Man,'—strikingly suggestive in its weird symbolism of the manner of Hawthorne; 'The French Village,' by James Hall; and 'The Inroad of the Nabajo,' by Albert Pike. The characteristics of the subsequent period, that in which the perfected type becomes apparent, are illustrated by selections from Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Willis, Mrs. Kirkland, Fitz-James O'Brien, Bret Harte, Webster, Bayard Taylor, H. C. Bunner, and Harold Frederic.

In the short story as conceived by Poe, Mr. Baldwin finds the perfect model of the new form. The definite principles embodied in its construction are recognized as harmonisation, simplification, and gradation. 'Every detail of setting and style is selected for its architectural fitness... Its contrivance to further the mood may be seen in the use of a single physical detail as a recurring dominant [like the refrain so frequent in his verse].' 'At best he planned a rising edifice of emotional impressions, a work of creative, structural imagination.' The defining mark of the short story is thus arrived at: 'Unity of impression through strict unity of form.' The particular tale chosen to represent the power of Poe is 'The Fall of the House of Usher,'—a perfect example of this theory in its application. Mr. Baldwin, by the way, makes no reference to 'the interest in situation,' discussed by Mr. Henry S. Canby in a recent number of THE DIAL.\* In a condensed and rapid survey of a dozen pages the author completes his introduction with an account of the literary derivation of the short story from the late Greek and Latin romances, through the mediæval tales and the work of the Italian and French story writers.

\* THE WAMPUM LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Brander Matthews, Litt.D. Vol. I., American Short Stories, edited by Charles Sears Baldwin, Ph.D.; Vol. II., American Literary Criticism, edited by William Morton Payne, LL.D.; American Familiar Verse, edited by Brander Matthews, Litt.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

\* The Modern Short Story, by Henry Seidel Canby. THE DIAL, Sept. 1, 1904.

Upon the same general principle—namely to illustrate the progress of its evolution—is based the plan of the second volume in the series, which deals with the development of the critical spirit in American literature. The essays selected are wholly upon literary themes, and include examples of Dana, Ripley, Emerson, Poe, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, Whitman, Whipple, Stedman, Howells, Lanier, and James. Mr. Payne's introduction is particularly illuminating, and may fairly be included with the essays which follow, as an illustration of literary insight and critical discrimination. The natural law of literary development: first the creative, then the critical period, is modified in the history of American literature by the fact that the native beginnings in this country were the beginnings not of seedlings but of transplanted growths which may develop only after the plants have acquired adaptability to the new environment. Thus does the author account for the retardation of the growth both of the creative imagination and of critical perception among American writers until the opening of the nineteenth century. 'It would be invidious,' says Mr. Payne, 'to single out any one [distinctive writer of that period] as "the father of literary criticism" in America. Perhaps Bryant would come as near as any to deserving that title by virtue of the article [a review of Brown's *Essay on American Poetry*] which appeared in *The North American Review* for 1818... A better case is made out for Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879), who in the years 1817-19 contributed to that Review a number of lengthy critical studies.' We have space to note but few of many interesting details which enliven this essay; but the careful appreciations of Whipple and Lowell should be mentioned. Poe is happily, and by no means slightly, referred to as 'the *enfant terrible* of American criticism.' Of Lanier Mr. Payne remarks, perhaps too mildly, that he 'rather forced the relation between poetry and music, and his scholarly equipment was inadequate to the ambitious task which he set himself in these lecture courses which were afterwards made into books.'

In the third volume, which treats of American familiar verse, Mr. Matthews has departed slightly from the plan followed by Mr. Baldwin, in that his collection appears to be 'the first attempt to select the best specimens of familiar verse by American authors only.' The editor has been catholic in his choice, for we find selections apparently as incongruous as the well-worn classic of 'Old Grimes' and the tender lyric 'Auf Wiedersehen,' the children's favorite 'Twas the Night before Christmas,' and 'Pan in Wall Street.' Yet upon examination, in spite of what at first appears a rather startling

catholicity in the admission of selections, this body of verse as a whole gives a coördinated and agreeable impression of the sentiment and cleverness of American poets in this particular field. Mr. Matthews in his introduction defines the term *Familiar Verse* as 'the lyric of commingled sentiment and playfulness which is more generally and more carelessly called *vers de société*', and further indicates as requisite elements in its success the characteristics of brevity, brilliancy, and buoyancy. Electing to use the more inclusive phrase which he employs in his title, he finds that the familiar verse in English literature, including the work of British and American poets, is as rich as that existing in French literature and probably superior to the latter. American familiar verse proves to be 'less often a song of Society itself than is its British rival; it has a little less of the mere glitter of wit and perhaps a little more of the mellower tenderness of humor. It shrinks less from a homely theme; and it does not so often seek that flashing sharpness of outline, which Praed delighted in and which sometimes suggests fireworks at midnight.' Holmes, Saxe, Eugene Field, and Henry Cuyler Bunner, together with Stedman and Aldrich among living poets, are recognized as our most conspicuous masters in this form of verse.

From the character of these three volumes it is evident that the series when complete will place in their proper proportions the successive steps in the evolution of these distinct literary forms,—a desirable thing to accomplish, and one not easily achieved in a single volume of essays. The one unfortunate feature in the general plan of the library is the arbitrary restriction which prohibits a selection from any *living* American writers whose birth has occurred since December 31, 1850; while selections are included from living authors born before that date, and from others who were born later but who are now dead. Inasmuch as the work is planned not to exploit our writers but to illustrate and record the development of our literature in its various forms, this illogical rule must prove unnecessarily embarrassing to the editors and often unfair to the reader.

W. E. SIMONDS.

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'First Aid for the After-Dinner Speaker' might have been the title of a little book compiled by Mr. John Horne, and more modestly styled by him 'Starting Points.' It is a collection of 'sentences sifted from authors of to-day and yesterday,' and designed to offer a bait to the mind oppressed with the necessity of saying something in public, and having not the least idea how to begin. The selection is catholic enough, in all conscience; Ruskin jostles with Mr. J. K. Jerome, and Erasmus with Mr. John Huntley Skrine—whoever the gentleman may be. As the editor remarks, 'A commonplace to-day may be an archangel's blast to-morrow.'

## RECENT FICTION.\*

One of the noteworthy achievements of modern psychology is its demonstration of the part played in shaping human lives by the unconscious or sub-conscious factors in the mental process. The poets have known this truth intuitively for years, but it has remained for the men of science to establish it by experiment. 'The Undercurrent,' a new novel by Mr. Robert Grant, offers us a concrete illustration of this principle as applied to a special case. His theme is the very modern problem of the divorcee evil, and he shows us how the undereurrent of emotion eventually triumphs over reason, and sweeps away the intellectual objections which stand in the path of a woman's happiness. The situation is subtly handled, and one of the oldest of stories thereby acquires new distinction. It is the familiar story of marriage without much thought, the husband's rapid development into a vulgar brute, and his final desertion of wife and children. Then the right man appears upon the scene, and the deserted wife is torn by the conflict between desire and duty. The plea of duty is voiced by the representatives of church and society, and their argument convinces her intellect, yet it takes only a slight mishap to the man whom she loves to bring about her surrender. Although this is a very special case, and the writer does everything in his power to make us feel that considerations of the sanctity of the marriage bond and the interests of society should not be permitted to stand in the way of this woman's happiness, he presents the argument against divorcee with absolute fairness and with so much cogency that it should have prevailed upon a woman of her strength of character, and held her firm in her resolution to accept the consequences of her ill-considered marriage. When impulse gets the better of argument, and she yields with the author's evident approval of her

\* *THE UNDERCURRENT.* By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*GUTHRIE OF THE TIMES.* A Story of Success. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

*TRAITOR AND LOYALIST, OR, THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS COUNTRY.* By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*MANASSAS.* A Novel of the War. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE SEA-WOLF.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE FARM OF THE DAGGER.* By Eden Phillipps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE PRODIGAL SON.* By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*THE BETRAYAL.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE CLOSED BOOK.* Concerning the Secret of the Borgias. By William Le Queux. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Co.

*THE TRUANTS.* By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*GENEVRA.* By Charles Marriott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*THE DIVINE FIRE.* By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

*THE MASQUERADE.* By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

action, we become conscious of a chilling of the moral atmosphere, and a lowering of the heroine in our esteem. Of course, this method of dealing with the difficulty is a hundred times more honest than the artificial expedient of the husband's timely death, which most novelists would find adequate, but we cannot help feeling that the writer tips his moral balance the wrong way, and that the clergyman's 'One wearies of this everlasting demand for happiness in this life,' strikes a deeper note than can be heard in the protestations of the lovers.

Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler has deserted the field of warfare for that of present-day journalism and politics, and has given us in his 'Guthrie of the Times' an interesting and straightforward story of modern life—'a story of success,' he calls it, and the description is true in more senses than one. The scene of the novel is a state unnamed, but easily identifiable as Kentucky; the hero is a newspaper writer of resource and high ideals; the heroine is a young woman who has to become re-Americanized after a life spent mainly abroad. How the hero defeats the attempt to impeach a public officer in the interests of a corrupt financial enterprise, how the heroine, witnessing, admires, and how in the end he wins both her love and an unexpected nomination for Congress, are the chief matters which enlist our interest. Incidentally, we are given a vivid picture of a Kentucky mountain feud, in which the hero plays a part. The whole story is told to direct and workmanlike effect, and illustrates not only the practice of journalism as exhibited by the leading figure, but also the characteristic literary qualities which journalism of the better type develops in its professional followers.

Two novels of the Civil War demand a place in our present selection. Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster's 'Traitor and Loyalist' is a straightforward story of blockade-running in the early days of the conflict. The scene of operation is the course from Nassau to Wilmington, and the author has thoroughly informed himself upon the technical details of the trade. His hero is the captain of a merchantman who goes into the risky business because it is his father's business, because that father is a New York copperhead of rabid prejudices, and because the son, having been brought up to obey his father's orders, does not give much thought to the political and patriotic considerations involved. The heroine is the daughter of a secessionist leader of North Carolina, and it devolves upon the hero to take her as a passenger when he runs the blockade with his consignment of supplies. It is his love for her that eventually opens his eyes to the fact that he is betraying his country, and her trust in his essential integrity that leads him to give up his trade and give his services to the imperiled nation. This he is about to do when the story ends. The work is cleverly done upon conventional lines, and has both breeziness and vigor.

'Manassas,' by Mr. Upton Sinclair, is a very different sort of book, having for its purpose not entertainment, but instruction and the

revivifying of the intense emotions of the years preceding the war. It is only fair at the outset of our comment to give warning that it has a hero but no heroine. Although absolutely devoid of the love interest, which is not even hinted at in the course of these four hundred pages, it is one of the most thrillingly interesting books of its kind that we have ever read. We are not quite sure that it even has a hero, for the leading character, whose life is portrayed for us from childhood up, does not become a man of action until the very close, but is presented to us throughout as one in whose mind and feelings are reflected the interests and the passions of the period of anti-slavery agitation. The real drama of the book is the historical clash of the two civilizations, and individuals seem to be made use of only by way of incidental illustration. The hero, if we may so call him, is reared upon a Mississippi plantation which will eventually fall to him as an inheritance. When still a boy, he is taken to Boston, and there educated. He does not lose sympathy for his own people as a result of this removal, but his eyes are opened to the horrors of slavery, and he realizes that when the struggle comes it will be his duty to stand by the union. As the fundamental cause of that struggle slavery is emphasized, and rightly, as all-important. In the course of the narrative we are made acquainted with the workings of the Underground Railroad, the mobbing of abolitionists, the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston and elsewhere, and John Brown's mad enterprise at Harper's Ferry. We are also given, although not taken to the scene, vivid accounts of the border warfare in Kansas, of the great slavery debates in the Senate, of the dastardly assault upon Sumner, and nearly every other matter affecting the slavery issue during the fifties. In fact, the reader, if he stops to think at all, must soon realize that what he is reading is not fiction at all, but a consecutive and almost documentary history of the period. It is history written with warmth and an eye for dramatic effect, to be sure, but it is nevertheless essentially history. It is the author's triumph that his readers are not likely to think very much about such things, so entralling has he made his pages. It is only near the close that Sumter is fired upon, and the war begun. Then we get a few impressionist snap-shots of the excitement in both sections, a hurried account of the scenes of confusion in and about Washington, a glimpse of the new President as he seemed in those first days of trial to the men who had been too bewildered to take his true measure, and finally, the rout at Bull Run from the standpoint of the hero, a private in his first engagement. This battle episode suggests 'The Red Badge of Courage,' only it seems to be better done. And here, having brought us just over the verge of actual conflict, the book ends—ends where most novels of the Civil War begin. It is a work deserving of very high praise. It does not treat its history as a spectacle simply, but has the rare quality of arousing our emotions almost to the pitch of those that made the war inevitable, and of enabling

us of a later generation to feel the passion of those great past days when conscience counted for something in our polities, and when a worthy cause evoked our noblest national energies.

A fastidious man of letters, whose life has never been ruffled by anything more serious than the clash of conversational wits or the controversies of the critical pen, is one day crossing the Bay of San Francisco on a ferry-boat. The Bay is foggy, but he has no thought of danger until the ferry is suddenly struck amidships and speedily sunk. The cause of the mishap is an outward-bound sealer, and upon this craft the victim of the collision finds himself after he is restored to consciousness. He then discovers to his consternation that he is in for a voyage of several months to the coast of Japan and Kamtschatka, and that he has ceased to be even a free agent. The captain of the sealer, it appears, is a brute of violent disposition who is a law unto himself, and this autocrat decrees that the new passenger shall sign as cabin-boy, 'for the good of his soul,' as the Sea-Wolf grimly remarks. Since this person has a rough and ready way of enforcing his arguments by a free use of his fists, and since the newly-rescued man has then and there a convincing object-lesson of the validity of this method of reasoning, the views are perforce accepted, and he faces for the first time in his career the realities of life. From this point on, the book becomes a tale of the sea, and of the daily routine of a floating hell. The Sea-Wolf is the incarnation of sheer animalism, the vigor of his physical frame matched by the strength of his will, and capable of every sort of brutality. He is also—and this is the curious thing about him—by way of being a philosopher; he reads Spencer and Browning, and interprets them by the light of a vigorous and unsophisticated intellect. Of ethical obligations he has no notion whatever, being a very startling embodiment of Nietzsche's ideal of the *Übermensch*. Nothing like a scruple is ever known to him, and he is in equal measure hated and feared by his men. Under this rough tutelage the man of letters turned ship's drudge learns many things not set down in the books, and develops a strength and a resourcefulness that he would otherwise never have known. Thus the story becomes essentially an account of the development of character under extraordinary conditions; and its aspect as a narrative of adventure is obscured by its aspect as a psychological study. 'It is not a pleasant tale to read—it is too strongly seasoned to be that,—but it acquires a certain fascination in the course of its telling, and fairly grips the attention in its culminating passages.'

Mr. Crawford's technique becomes, if anything, more refined with each new work that he puts forth, but his substance grows thinner than ever. A forced and mechanical invention marks the plot of 'Whosoever Shall Offend,' and the characters are but slightly modified variations of the types that he has been fashioning for the past score of years. The new novel is concerned with a polished villain, who murders his wife and seeks to murder his stepson, all with the sordid object

of gaining their fortune for himself, and in the end is trapped and punished according to his deserts. It is all very cleverly managed, but the interest is of the mildest.

In 'The Farm of the Dagger,' Mr. Eden Phillpotts resorts to the scene, the period, and even the special theme of his 'American Prisoner.' Once more we are taken to rural Dartmoor in the early nineteenth century, and once more we are made acquainted with the grim walls of the Prince Town prison. By way of a variation, however, the hero is not an American prisoner but an English gentleman, although one of our captured fellow-countrymen plays an important part in the story. The substance of the book is a Montague and Capulet feud under English skies, ending, unlike that of Verona, with the happy union of the lovers. The parents are sacrificed instead, which is much more satisfactory.

Mr. Hall Caine has chosen to entitle his new novel, 'The Prodigal Son.' The scene is Iceland, used by the author as the stage-setting for one of his earlier novels. His 'Prodigal Son' is a despicably weak person, pleasure-loving, and incapable of resisting temptation. He becomes morally responsible for his wife's death through neglect coupled with infatuation for another woman. He goes abroad, breaks the most solemn pledges, becomes a gambler and a cheat, and forges his father's name. But with all these sins to his account, he develops into a musical genius, assumes a new name, and wins both wealth and fame. Returning to Iceland, he becomes fully acquainted with the misery he has wrought, and makes what tardy reparation is still within his power. The story shows a confused sense of moral values, and fairly reeks with cheap sentimentality. Its style is common and its situations theatrical. Altogether it is a poorer performance than was to be expected even from the author of 'The Christian' and 'The Eternal City.'

The new novel of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is called 'The Betrayal.' Its hero is an impudent pedagogue of refined sensibilities but unfortunate parentage. Its heroine is the daughter of a noble lord whose chief public interest is the development of a plan for the defence of the nation against foreign invasion. This plan requires the utmost secrecy, and the committee in charge hit upon the obscure pedagogue as the proper person to act as their secretary. He is scrupulously honest and painstaking, but despite his best efforts the plans of the committee somehow leak out and are sold to the enemy. The mystery lasts a long while, and is finally solved by the revelation that the duke who is the head of the organization is the traitor, having fallen into a financial pit, and seeking to recoup his fortunes by these infamous means. In the end, his treachery discovered, he conveniently commits suicide, the hero and heroine marry, and the skies are once more clear. The story is animated and exciting, and the leading characters are limned with a considerable degree of skill.

'The Closed Book,' by Mr. William Le Queux, is undeniably a 'shocker,' but it is fairly well written, and the plot is striking. It concerns two buried treasures—the jewels of Lucrezia Borgia and the plate of Crowland Abbey. A medieval manuscript written by an Italian monk discloses the secret of both, and nearly puts an end to the lives of several people, its leaves being impregnated with the mysterious poison of the Borgias. The quest for the treasure is pursued by two rival sets of discoverers, which makes the story very exciting. The main lines of the narrative are worked out to a tolerably satisfactory conclusion, but several threads that promise to be important are dropped during the process, and we are left in dark perplexity concerning the connection with the plot of several of the secondary figures.

Mr. Mason's novels are apt to be loose-jointed, and based upon somewhat unnatural situations. The leading character of 'The Truants' is an Englishman who, having done nothing in particular to justify his existence, is afraid that his wife will come to feel contempt for him, and so resorts to the device of leaving her until he shall have achieved fortune or reputation upon the score of his personal merits. His first effort is made in America, where he falls among thieves. Then he ships as a common sailor on a North Sea trawler, and gets a taste of rough life. But this does not seem to lead to anything, so he finally enlists in the French Foreign Legion, does hard service in Algiers, and wins distinction for his bravery. The real fact of the matter is that he should not have left his wife at all, for she is of the kind that is sure to seek consolation—a trait of which he was fairly warned before he went away. When he learns, in his African camp, that she is on the point of finding and accepting consolation for his desertion, he becomes a deserter himself, escapes through Morocco to the coast, and returns to Europe just in time to thwart the villain who has designs on his honor. There is a good deal of variety about this romance, but it is not a very organic piece of work. The best part of it is that devoted to the Foreign Legion, of which the author seems to have made a special study. It is fairly new ground for the average reader, in spite of that 'soldier of the legion' who 'lay dying at Algiers,' and whose story is embalmed in one of the most familiar pieces of sentimental verse.

Mr. Marriott's new novel, 'Genevra,' is a study of a woman's temperament, framed in the Cornish setting that the author knows so well how to describe. The story has as little as possible of the dramatic; a few other people have to be introduced as foils to the principal figure; there must even be a man capable of awakening her love, for otherwise her character would be only half revealed. She is one of those self-repressed women whom few understand; except for one unguarded hour she keeps the citadel of her soul from invasion. The traditions of her race are dignified, and her life remains in keeping with them, even when beset by the vulgarities of a shrewish sister-in-law and a sleek suitor. Only in her poems does she offer her soul for the inspec-

tion of others, and those who surround her are blind to any revelation of that kind. The man to whom she yields herself for a time proves a creature of common clay (although a famous artist), and the tragedy that comes with her realization of that fact leaves her spirit chastened but unbroken. Her life-story is a tapestry of severe design and sombre hue; the life is her own, not another's, and we are left in no doubt that it must remain so in the unrecorded years to come.

'The Divine Fire' is a title that fairly suggests the theme of Miss May Sinclair's novel, which is a full-length study of the poetic temperament, framed in a varied and curiously interesting environment, and drawn with a firmness of hand that excites one's admiration. Who Miss Sinclair may be we know not, but if this is her first novel, she has made a promising beginning. The work has six hundred closely printed pages, and they are none too many for the delight of the reader. The poet whose fortunes are followed through all this maze is no abstract creation of sentimental fancy, but a man of flesh and blood, a man, moreover, placed amid the most depressing surroundings—a London bookshop, a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and the fellowship of semi-bohemian journalistic life. He is a cockney by breeding and circumstance, and he struggles desperately to preserve his aspirates. But with all this he is a poet, and his genius forces its way to self-expression. The author is daring enough to give us an occasional illustration of his poetical powers, which is rather unwise, because the sonnets she prints, although tolerable imitations of Rossetti, are by no means up to the level of such a genius as she describes. Of the purification of this genius, and of the moral quixotism of the poet's life, this book is one long and minutely-detailed chronicle. It rises, moreover, to real distinction of style, besides being of absorbing interest from cover to cover. It is the sort of book that one begins by skimming, and ends by giving the closest attention to paragraph and phrase.

Granting the initial possibility of two men so closely resembling one another as to deceive their closest friends—and even the wife of the one who is married—granting this, there is no further difficulty of an insuperable nature in accepting the plot of Mrs. Thurston's 'The Masquerader.' Of the two men who agree to exchange identities, one is a gifted but obscure person; the other is a rising statesman, a member of Parliament, and a leader of the opposition. Unfortunately, he is also a morphine maniac, and he provides himself with an official substitute in order that he may retire from the world from time to time for indulgence in the vice which has mastered him. The man who impersonates him upon these occasions develops a genius for polities, and eventually leads his party to power. Incidentally, he falls in love with the wife of the man for whom he thus acts as a substitute, and the wife unsuspectedly finds herself caring for her husband; that is, for the man whom she believes to be her husband. Here is where the author takes the bull by the horns and grows audacious in her invention. For when the wife makes discovery of the

impersonation, she is not outraged, as a conventional heroine would be, but remains faithful to her newly-awakened affections. This difficult relation is treated with a delicacy that can give no offense, but the moralist is sure to find in the *dénouement* a stumbling-block. For when the real husband dies of an overdose of morphine, and the lovers are left to face the future, they decide that their feelings for each other constitute the all-important factor in the perplexing situation, and that it is best for them to continue the imposture indefinitely, without regard to such unimportant matters as property and inheritance. It is a conclusion to take one's breath away, but it at least offers a refreshing contrast to the artificial means that any other novelist would have devised for getting out of the difficulty. And the story is so ingeniously told and cleverly constructed that its very boldness is in a measure justified.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Essays by the hermit of Shelburne.*

In no dilettante spirit does Mr. Paul Elmer More approach his task of criticism. Two years of solitary meditation in a secluded spot on the Androscoggins, where the recluse lived much after the manner of Thoreau at Walden, revealed to him that his work was to be the criticism of others' writings, not the production of masterpieces of his own. 'Shelburne Essays: First Series' (Putnam) is a collection of literary, psychological, and ethical studies, of unusual seriousness and power. The first essay is on Thoreau, but our forest hermit is no naturalist; he respects nature's secrets, and refrains from the botanist's and entomologist's and ornithologist's prying curiosity. To the problems of the soul, as presented in literature and life, he devotes his energies. An excellent study of Hawthorne dwells on the romancer's loneliness and pictures the inevitable solitariness of every soul as the theme that most powerfully appealed to the creator of Hester Prynne and Ethan Brand and Hepzibah Pyncheon. An essay on Emerson is perhaps all the better for being not wholly in sympathy with the Transcendentalist. Appropriately enough there follows a chapter on Carlyle, in which the writer says some things that have not been said before, but allows himself to assume as beyond dispute that Carlyle's marriage was a 'pathetic tragedy,' and even does his part toward increasing the pathos. After this one is not unprepared to find him calling Froude's life of Carlyle 'one of the two great biographies of the language,' the other of course being Boswell's Johnson. A somewhat minute study of Mr. Arthur Symons's decadent verse would seem a waste of energy except for the psychological interest to be found in these poems, as the essayist observes, by those that are curious to follow the varied currents of modern thought. In the recent Irish literary revival, Mr. More, 'wearied of the imperialistic arrogance of Kipling the

great and the lesser Kiplings,' had hoped to find the promise of better things; but he is somewhat disappointed, a note of defeat seeming to him predominant in the tones given forth by Erin's harp. In other words, it is decadence we again meet with here, though quite a different one from the decadence of a Baudelaire or a Symons. Count Tolstoy is to our author a false prophet, in whose humanitarianism he sees nothing but the 'vicious circle of attempting to unite men for the mere sake of union.' Yet surely the connotations of 'brotherly love' forbid its interpretation as an empty end in itself. Discussing the religious ground of humanitarianism, Mr. More distinguishes between unworldly or religious motives and those impulses that properly apply to the daily life and conduct of the world's people; and he maintains that 'to intrude the aspirations of faith and hope and the ethics of the golden rule of love' into worldly affairs is 'a mischievous folly.' Is religion then to be merely for Sunday use, and a cloistered virtue the only one practicable? Perhaps something more of the spirit and less of the letter of religion may help toward solving the difficulty. Our essayist may be thought at times to take himself and his hermit experience, and his 'long course of wayward reading,' a little too seriously. But he is not yet old, and he has a right to enjoy the seriousness of youth while it lasts. Poets, too, are seldom richly endowed with humor; and Mr. More is not unknown as a poet,—indeed, his essays are embellished here and there with verses of his own, chiefly translations. A constant tendency to find analogies in Hindu literature is conspicuous in this ex-professor of Sanskrit. However, he has certainly read widely and wisely, and his essays are unquestionably full of meat.

*The period of  
the Covenant  
in Scotland.*

The third volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's 'History of Scotland' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has to do with the period from the accession of Charles I. to the end of Argyll's rising, 1625 to 1688. The impression received from this work is that the author is not attempting to write a formal history of Scotland, but is rather using the materials he has collected and studied to test the accuracy of earlier works by well-known authors. The result is that while those who are intimately familiar with the details of Scottish history will find Mr. Lang intensely interesting as a critic and as a shrewd investigator, uncovering new sources of information, the ordinary reader must frequently be puzzled to understand the connection and relation of events. The author takes for granted his reader's knowledge of the general course of Scottish history, even to the extent of omitting any general outline. His most striking characteristic is his dispassionate, judicial, possibly even cynical, attitude towards persons and incidents in relation to the contests over religion with Charles I. Thus he writes of the Covenant by which Scotch Presbyterians bound themselves to resist the liturgy of Charles I.: 'Scotland was once more in the happy posture of Israel of old, and enjoyed a definite legal instrument, binding on all posterity, and regulat-

ing the relations between itself and the Creator of the universe. Nothing was absent but the signature of the other high contracting party.' 'The friends of freedom, as ever, allowed no freedom to any but themselves. The zealots of liberty of conscience permitted no liberty of conscience to exist among persons of other opinions. In what respect their conduct was better than the king's (which was as bad as possible) it is difficult to discover; but historians usually prefer the cause of popular to that of individual tyranny.' 'They [the Covenanters] on the other hand, to repeat Mr. Gardiner's eloquent words, "had long been led astray, and had now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their Souls"; not only so, they butted other sheep who would not enter the fold.' It may be doubted whether a mental temper and attitude so far removed from the intense religious feeling of the time of which he is writing, does not preclude an author from really understanding and judging fairly the men of that time. But in respect to exact statement of doubtful events at least, Mr. Lang's work is a fine example of modern scholarship, being based on a careful analysis of the documents and other sources available for the study of Scottish history.

*The wanderings  
of a naturalist,  
far and near.*

After all the years Mr. John Burroughs has devoted to the study of birds, it is not strange that he has learned to borrow some of their ways. His latest volume of essays, 'Far and Near' (Houghton), tells how he has taken to himself wings and flitted as far as Alaska for one season, and to Jamaica for another. On these flights his bird-like keenness of vision has served him well, and the messages he brings back are good to listen to. Among the specialists of the Harriman Alaska Expedition of 1899, Mr. Burroughs was, so to speak, a generalist; yet he had enough special knowledge in many fields to report with zest the discoveries made by the 'fiends' in rocks, plants, glaciers, birds, and bears. Meanwhile he kept his eye on the landscape, and tells the untravelled reader what he most wants to know, and tells it in his own expressive way. The hills of Wyoming are 'almost as plump and muttany in places as the South Downs of England'; in the Bad Lands, 'the earth seems to have been flayed alive,—no skin or turf or verdure or vegetable mould anywhere,—all raw and quivering.' Alaska itself 'is covered with an unbroken carpet of verdure. . . . Green, white, and blue are the three prevailing tints all the way from Cook Inlet to Unalaska; blue of the sea and sky, green of the shores and lower slopes, and white of the lofty peaks and volcanic cones,—they are mingled and contrasted all the way.' True to his northern instinct, Mr. Burroughs finds Jamaica a place 'cursed with perpetual summer,' and complains that he cannot make love to Nature there. 'Nature in the tropics has little tenderness or winsomeness. She is barbaric; she is painty and stiff; she has no sentiment; she does not touch the heart; she flouts and revels and goes her own way like a wanton. She has never known adversity; she has no memory and no longing; there is

no autumn behind her and no spring before.' Nevertheless, no blossom of southern woods, no significant feature of the land, no bird-note, no star new to northern eyes, escapes this treasurer of beauty. But after all, it is in the interludes of 'Near' between these two, themes of the 'Far' that we find Mr. Burroughs most himself. The nature-lover who writes the little comedy of the water-thrush family, and the little tragedy of the frozen baby rabbits, is the same who long ago won our hearts with stories of similar home-happenings. The records of far journeys in this new book may not add greatly to his reputation, but they serve the gracious purpose of showing us an old friend in new surroundings.

*Sheridan and  
the closing days  
of the Civil War.*

War there is added a sprightly and vivid account of the operations which brought that war to a close, namely, the eleven days' operations from March 29 to April 8, 1865, by Sheridan and his cavalrymen in front of Petersburg and Richmond. This is from the pen of Brevet Brigadier-General Henry E. Tremain, and is entitled 'Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry' (Bonnell, Silver & Bowers). General Tremain was himself as aide-de-camp to General Crook, an active participant in many of the scenes which he here describes. He has compiled his book from notes taken by him on the field, which have heretofore been published in the newspaper press, and have been subjected to the comment and criticism of other actors in the same drama, much of which is here reproduced and made appendant to the principal narrative. The result is an unusually valuable compilation of contemporary notes. In quite full detail, and occupying over 400 pages, the writer carries his readers rapidly, but not too hastily, through the vicissitudes of an exciting campaign. This is the campaign in which it has been said that 'Grant commanded both his own and Lee's army.' Sheridan's work in weaving the final toils around the fated Confederacy is here graphically narrated, and the reader has an hourly view of the keen insight and circumspection with which the great commander performed the task for which he was summoned from the Valley of Virginia. When the evening of April 6 is reached, and one reads again Sheridan's terse despatch to Grant, 'If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender,' and when the next day sees the Federal pursuit of Lee more warm and eager than ever, the reader is prepared to share Sheridan's confidence in the expected result.

*A dogmatic  
essayist.*

There is considerable 'bite' in Mr. Frank Moore Colby's short essays, 'Imaginary Obligations' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), as those who have read them in 'The Bookman' and elsewhere can testify. Mr. Colby possesses a good measure of shrewd sense, a wholesome hatred of humbug and a keen eye to detect it, a practised pen, and a knack of terse, incisive, and often striking expression. But with these qualities go their defects: aiming to be brilliant and sententious, he occa-

sionally exaggerates and makes phrases. The modesty of careful utterance is shocked by such an assertion as that 'false humor-worship is the deadliest of social sins'; and the writer illustrates the vice he on another page inveighs against (phrase-making) when he allows the following to escape his pen: 'There is nothing more amazing to the reader than the way a mind can be wrapped in a "policy." Many a decorous newspaper is edited by a moral papoose. In private life "the policy" would make you talk in epitaphs of last year's opinions, hook your fancy to a foregone conclusion, turn your mind into a bare card-catalogue of the things you used to think.' A vocabulary is a fine thing, and so is a small boy's new drum; but so also is moderation. However, Mr. Colby is still a young man. Perhaps when he is older he will not bristle with so many positive convictions, and possibly he will express himself more often in the form of query and suggestion. The neutral tints of doubt may tend now and then to displace the glaring primary colors of certitude. Something of Charles Lamb's 'twilight of dubiety' will perchance soften his mental horizon-line, as he sits, pen in hand, entertaining us with his views *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Some of his best chapters have to do with 'The Business of Writing' and 'Literary Compulsion.' 'The Literary Temperament' is treated in a way that makes the reader, if he be also a writer, squirm in his chair. 'The Temptation of Authors' contains a warning to successful and prolific writers. 'The danger in spreading one's self thin is that the time surely comes when it is done unconsciously. A man thinks it is his thought flowing on like that, when it is only his ink.' The fitness of Mr. Colby's title, 'Imaginary Obligations,' is somewhat imaginary, in spite of his explanation in the preface. But a book must have a title, and for a collection of loosely related essays one will serve about as well as another.

*The nature of  
Personality.*

Among the subjects rescued from vague speculations and transferred to the field of descriptive inquiry, none is more inviting, and also more baffling, than the nature of personality. The change of front which modern psychology presents in contrast with older points of view has been active in this field, and has made it evident that personality, like other complexes of psychological processes, is itself the result of growth and accordingly may be subject to various lapses and degeneration. A recent work by Dr. Boris Sidis and Dr. Simon P. Goodhart, entitled 'Multiple Personality, an Experimental Investigation into the Nature of Human Individuality' (Appleton), represents both the kinds of inquiry and the nature of the results typical of the modern point of view. The most original as well as most interesting portion of the volume is given over to a painstaking account of a remarkable loss of personality, in many respects the most complete on record. It is the most complete, not only because so large a portion of the normal mental processes were lost, reducing the subject to a condition of a curiously modified

infancy, but also because the new personality has been so interestingly developed by education, and ultimately united with the old. On the basis of this and similar cases, certain of which justify the title of 'Multiple Personality,' these investigators indicate the contribution of these abnormal forms toward the right understanding of the nature of personality. While this understanding is by no means complete or easily summarized, the trend of the results is such as to lay emphasis upon the normal participation of the sub-conscious activities in the formation of that memory-continuum by which the material for the sense of personality is supplied. Equally do such investigations disown the supernatural and transcendent theories which have done so much to confuse the conceptions involved. In brief, the study of the abnormal distinctly reinforces the naturalistic conceptions of personality that result from a psychological study of the growth of this precious sense.

*Town and country life in Sweden.*

Sweden is the healthiest country in Europe; it boasts a death-rate of only sixteen and a half per thousand, and a correspondingly high average term of life. In their evolution from the Suijones, these people have been but little affected by extraneous influences; they have received no impress from Roman culture, Roman law, or the feudal system that ruled mediæval society. Christianity came to them through the Normans of France; the Roman church exercised a nominal sway in the country for two centuries, but it was never very effective. In that period, however, the country produced a great personage in Saint Brigitta (Bridget), who was influential in bringing about the return of the Popes from Avignon to Rome in the fourteenth century. A far greater national hero was Gustavus Adolphus, whose defense of Protestant principles brought Sweden prominently into the field of European polities in the sixteenth century, a prominence which ended with the loss of Finland, after that of Pomerania and the Baltic Provinces, early in the nineteenth century. The country has shared its king (since 1814) with Norway, though each country has its own constitution. In Sweden the cost of education is defrayed by the state or parish, is absolutely free to the recipient, is thorough, and is so prolonged that men usually postpone their marriage until they are thirty years of age. It is the original home of what is known in this country as 'sloyd,'—a system of industrial education which makes deft fingers and 'develops mechanical practice and general handiness.' These characteristics and many more that might be mentioned, give interest to Mr. O. G. Von Heidenstam's volume on 'Swedish Life in Town and Country,' in the series describing 'Our European Neighbors' (Putnam). The chapters on the literature, arts, and economics of the country are highly entertaining; but of surpassing interest are the few paragraphs which inform us of Sweden's successful solution of the drink problem with which other countries have grappled in vain.

*A Frenchwoman's narrative of her literary life.*

Madame Adam is best known for her journal of the Paris siege, her 'Nouvelle Revue' which she founded and for many years edited, and her salon which, with her Review, exerted a recognized political influence. Her account of her earlier life has already been noticed in these columns. With short intermission, now follows its sequel in 'My Literary Life' (Appleton), which brings the record down to the later sixties—or at least this is to be inferred; for hardly a date appears in the whole book, whose chief defect (or excellence) is its hap-hazard garrulity, extending to the length of 542 pages. Such an outpouring necessarily contains, for the foreign reader at any rate, much that is lacking in interest. The reproduction of long conversations between persons of far less than world-wide fame on themes of not exactly universal concern is a prominent feature of the book. Is it from short-hand notes, or from memory aided by imagination, that these pages of talk are taken? What appears to be an absurd mistranslation enlivens one of them. A certain Dr. Maure, an epicure, relates of Cousin, with great contempt, 'Would you believe me, that one day arriving in the middle of luncheon I heard him asking his governess for some veal, and it was pheasant!!' That *gouvernante* may mean housekeeper as well as governess seems not to have impressed itself on the anonymous translator. Reminiscences of George Sand, About, Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, Flaubert, Mérimée, Ste. Beuve, and other celebrities, give the book its value, apart from our interest in the very communicative lady who writes it. The narrative closes, as shall this notice, with Mme. d'Agoult's recipe for founding a salon. 'You need,' she writes to the author, 'twenty men friends and five women to found a salon. You have them. Mine will remain the big winter salon, yours will be the little summer salon, and thus our intimate set will never be quite dispersed.'

*The land of mirages.*

A study of the American deserts that has quite as much atmosphere as Mrs. Austin's 'Land of Little Rain,' and that seems to get even closer to the strange heart of the matter, is the little volume of sketches entitled 'In Miners' Mirage-Land,' by Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge. The book is published by the author from her own bindery in Los Angeles, in an autograph edition limited to one thousand copies. The cover-design and chapter-headings are the work of Mr. J. Duncan Gleason, and a reproduction of Mr. Frank P. Sauerwen's painting called 'Mirage in the Desert' makes an appropriate frontispiece. 'Mirage of Water or Mirage of a Mine! It matters not which it may be, the end is the same for him who follows after the Siren who is always in league with Death.' This quotation will serve to show how Mrs. Strobridge interprets her title. Some of the tales are of literal mirages,—a shining lake, an exquisitely-colored palace, a red-shirted man driving his wagon down a dusty road; other sketches have to do with the no less

fabulous and fateful mirages of the mind, the dreams of treasure hidden in the desert which ever evades the prospector while luring him on to give his life in the search. The stories have a strength and directness of style that make them very real, and the little introductory studies pre-facing the tales help to suggest the charm and mystery of the strange regions dealt with.

*The artistic achievements of women.*

'Women in the Fine Arts' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by

Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, is a compendium of miscellaneous information about all the women artists that the author could discover between the seventh century B. C. and the twentieth A. D. Among the thousand names included, the late nineteenth century is most fully represented. As the greater part of the material about contemporary painters was furnished by themselves, we may assume that it is correct; and as Mrs. Clement's aim was to include all the names and all the facts she could get, we cannot criticise her selection or proportion. Being alphabetically arranged, the book is a convenient manual from which to extract information about artists who have not yet got into the encyclopedias. A number of full-page illustrations add interest to the text, and a fifty-page introduction gives a general idea of what women have accomplished in art.

*Vagaries in language and thought.*

abuse the methods and materials belonging to recognized fields of science may find it in Mr. Emil Sutro's 'Duality of Thought and Language' (New York: Physio-Psychic Society). The author professes to have made the remarkable discovery that there are two voices in man, the one of the larynx and the other of the oesophagus; and that these two possess unique relations to the 'soul' element of speech. Tortuous and commonplace repetitions and variations of this theme make up the volume; which, indeed, has no claim to consideration except as an example of the confusion which may be the fruit of interest and enthusiasm unfortified by appreciation of what scientific investigation is or what it has accomplished.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

'Lectures and Biographical Sketches,' 'Miscellanies,' and 'Natural History of Intellect and Other Papers,' are the titles of three volumes added to the 'Centenary' edition of Emerson, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These three volumes complete the twelve of which the set consists, and the last of them is provided with an elaborate general index to the entire edition. No less than five papers in this closing volume are now printed for the first time. The editing of these volumes, done by the pious hands of Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson, offers a shining example of what such editorial work should be, and makes the present form of the writings far more desirable than any of the earlier ones.

Professor Barrett Wendell's 'Literary History of America' has been condensed by its author, with the help of Mr. Chester Noyes Greenough, into 'A History of Literature in America,' for the use of schools. Superfluous and questionable matters are omitted from this version, which otherwise preserves the outline, and much of the text, of the original production. The book is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Volume II. of the 'Publications of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago' is a handsome quarto with many plates. It includes a paper on double stars by Professor Burnham, one on Eros by Professor Barnard, two papers on stellar spectra, and three others. There are some highly satisfactory photographs made with the great 40-inch refractor of the Observatory. This volume is also issued as No. VII. in the series of the Decennial Publications of the University.

Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish a handsome library edition of Thackeray in thirty volumes. The editorial matter is supplied by Professors W. P. Trent and J. B. Henneman, and includes a special introduction to each of the works, besides a biographical essay prefatory to the entire edition. There are numerous illustrations, and altogether the edition is highly satisfactory, both for completeness and inexpensiveness.

'Ethics for the Young,' third and fourth series, are sent us by the W. M. Welch Co., Chicago. These books are written by Mr. Walter L. Sheldon, lecturer of the St. Louis Ethical Society, and have for their respective subjects 'Duties in the Home and the Family' and 'Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.' These are teaching books of a helpful kind, written in dialogue, and provided with outlines, exercises, and illustrative quotations.

'Avril' is the appropriate title of a group of essays, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, upon the poetry of the French Renaissance. The subjects of the essays are these six: Charles of Orleans, Villon, Marot, Ronsard, Du Bellay, and Malherbe. Each is given an introductory critical discussion, and each is then illustrated by a number of poems, printed in French and commented upon in English. This beautifully printed, written, and illustrated book is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and is a treasure in every sense.

'The Teaching of Biology in the Secondary School,' by Professors Francis E. Lloyd and Maurice A. Bigelow, is a new volume in the 'American Teachers' Series,' published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. It is a work fully up to the high standard set by its predecessors in this series, and no teacher of the subject in an American high school can afford to be without it. We commend particularly the sensible pages devoted to the subject of 'temperance' instruction in connection with the study of physiology.

'The Poems of William Morris,' selected and edited by Mr. Percy Robert Colwell, is a handsome volume published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The selection is a generous one, although in the nature of the case a single volume can give hardly more than a taste of 'Jason,' 'Sigurd,' and 'The Earthly Paradise.' There is an introductory essay, a limited bibliography, and a few notes. The same publishers have issued, in style uniform with the above book, an anthology of 'The Greek Poets,' edited by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. The range of the selection is from Homer to Meleager, and the translations represent a greater number of hands than the authors themselves. They are taken from writers old-fashioned and modern, and the editor contributes a number of his own.

## NOTES.

A new novel by Charles Egbert Craddock will be published this month by the Macmillan Co. The title has not yet been announced.

'Henry Ward Beecher as His Friends Saw Him,' a small book of personal tributes by various hands, is a recent publication of the Pilgrim Press.

The next volume of the 'Cambridge Modern History,' announced for publication this month by the Macmillan Co., will be devoted to 'The Wars of Religion.'

A new edition of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's 'Backgrounds of Literature,' with an added chapter on 'Hawthorne in the New World,' is published by the Macmillan Co.

'Correct Writing and Speaking,' by Miss Mary A. Jordan, is an admirable addition to the 'Woman's Home Library,' published by Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co.

'A Handbook of Plant-Form for Students of Design,' with one hundred plates, drawn and described by Mr. Ernest E. Clark, is a recent publication of Mr. John Lane.

'Selected Poems by John Davidson,' published by Mr. John Lane, gives us in a single small volume the best of the author's ballads, 'Fleet Street Elegies,' and miscellaneous pieces.

'A Guide to Parsifal,' by Mr. Richard Aldrich, is published by the Oliver Ditson Co. It is illustrated, both with photographs of stage scenes and with examples of motives in musical notation.

Trollope's 'The Bertrams,' edited by Mr. Algar Thorold, is published as a volume of Mr. John Lane's 'New Pocket Library.' It fills over eight hundred pages, yet it is by no means a big book.

The Macmillan Co. publish 'Type Studies from the Geography of the United States,' by Dr. Charles A. McMurry. It is the first part of an elementary physical geography of this country, prepared for school use.

'School Civics,' by Mr. Frank David Boynton, is 'an outline study of the origin and development of government and the development of political institutions in the United States.' It is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

Still another book about 'Jiu-Jitsu.' This time the work is by Captain Harry H. Skinner, and the illustrations are from poses by Mr. B. H. Kuwashima. The Japan Publishing Co., New York, are responsible for this work.

'Light on the Hills,' edited by Dr. Charles Carroll Albertson, is a devotional anthology published by the J. B. Lippincott Co. The selection of poems is not altogether discriminating, but the book contains much that is of enduring spiritual value.

'The Government of Ohio: Its History and Administration,' by Professor Wilbur H. Siebert, is published by the Macmillan Co. in their 'Handbooks of American Government,' a series in which several other states have previously been included.

'A School History of the United States,' by Professor William H. Mace, is published by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. It is an elementary textbook, handsomely illustrated, and provided with helpful teaching and reference apparatus in great variety.

'The Nibelungenlied,' translated into rhymed English verse in the metre of the original, comes to us from Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The translation is by Professor George Henry Needler, and is accompanied by a lengthy essay upon the poem and its sources.

'Parsifal and Galahad,' by Miss Helen Isabel Whitlow, is a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker. It is an essay upon the sources of the Parsifal legend as well as an analysis of the use which Wagner made of it in his music-drama.

'Classical Echoes in Tennyson,' by Prof. Wilfred P. Mustard, is a new volume of the 'Columbia University Studies in English.' The work has been done before, but not, we believe, as thoroughly and minutely by any one person. The Macmillan Co. publish this volume.

Miss Ella Isabel Harris has translated the tragedies of Seneca into English verse, and thereby placed students of modern literature who know not Latin under a considerable obligation. The volume is published by Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press.

Mr. Andrew J. George has edited 'The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth' for the 'Cambridge Editions' of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The volume, with its introduction, notes, an bibliography, fills nearly a thousand two-columned pages, and has a fine frontispiece portrait.

Dr. William Anthony Granville's 'Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus,' published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., is described as 'essentially a drill book.' It constitutes the first volume in a new series of mathematical text-books under the general editorship of Professor Percy F. Smith.

Mr. H. W. Mabie's 'William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man' is reissued by the Macmillan Co. in a new edition, with a new preface, and at a low price. The illustrations of the earlier edition are missing, which is, of course, the reason why the work is now offered in so inexpensive a form.

Herr Felix Weingartner's essay on 'The Symphony since Beethoven,' translated with the author's permission by Miss Maude Barrows Duton, is published as a booklet by the Oliver Ditson Co. It is one of the most valuable pieces of musical criticism produced of recent years, and deserves a very wide circulation.

Professor Jebb's masterly prose translation of 'The Tragedies of Sophocles' may now be had in a single volume unnumbered by Greek text or commentary, and thus brought within the reach of modest purses. This translation, so much more desirable than any other, is published by the Macmillan Co. for the Cambridge University Press.

'Murray's Small Classical Atlas,' edited by Mr. G. B. Grundy, and published by Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press, is accurately described in the preface as a 'good and at the same time inexpensive' work. Colored contour and legible type make the maps exceptionally clear. They are fourteen in number, preceded by an elaborate index.

The German text of 'Parsifal,' facing an English translation made to fit the score by Mr. George Turner Phelps, is published in a small volume by Mr. Richard G. Badger. It well illustrates the utter hopelessness of attempting to sing the work with English words and at the same time preserve more than a small fraction of its poetical impressiveness. Mr. Turner has struggled manfully with an impossible task.

The editorial supervision of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of limited Riverside Press Editions has been placed in the hands of Mr. Ferris Greenslet, associate editor of 'The Atlantic Monthly.' Mr. Greenslet will give his special attention to extending the series along harmonious lines, establishing an authoritative text for print-

ing, and furnishing such sparing editorial apparatus as may be necessary. The typographical and artistic features of this series will continue in the care of Mr. Bruce Rogers.

Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, made an address last June at the University of the South. This address, entitled 'American and German University Ideals,' has been beautifully printed at the new University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee, and speaks well for the mechanical equipment of that department of the University.

A new and complete edition of Mark Twain's writings, in twenty-three volumes, is being published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This 'Hillcrest' edition, as it is called, includes a biographical and critical study by Prof. Brander Matthews, and a new preface written especially for this purpose by Mark Twain. The illustrations consist of a series of portraits of the author, together with numerous drawings by the best American illustrators.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS. January, 1905.

- Alexander, John W. Charles H. Caffin. *World's Work*.  
Amsterdam Impressions. Edward Penfield. *Scribner*.  
Anglo-American Treaty. A Permanent. *Atlantic*.  
Audiences American. Thomas W. Higginson. *Atlantic*.  
Austria and Bohemia, What People Read in. *Rev. of Revs.*  
Berlin, My Embassy at. Andrew D. White. *Century*.  
City Superstitions. Robert Shackleton. *Harper*.  
Copyright, Concerning. Mark Twain. *North American*.  
Cornwall, A Valley in. Arthur Symons. *Harper*.  
Country Parson, From the Journal of a. *Atlantic*.  
Country Store, The. Charles M. Harger. *Atlantic*.  
D'Annunzio's Latest Play. Helen Zimmern. *No. American*.  
Diplomatic Leadership, Proper Grade of. *No. American*.  
Education, Quantitative Study of. *Forum*.  
Erasmus and 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' *Scribner*.  
Europe, Political Problems of. F. A. Vanderlip. *Scribner*.  
Expatriation, Doctrine of. John B. Moore. *Harper*.  
Factory Village, An Instructive. *World's Work*.  
Forestry Methods, German and American. *Forum*.  
Fourteenth Amendment, The. E. G. Murphy. *No. American*.  
Germany Then and Now. W. von Schierbrand. *Forum*.  
Gompers, Samuel. Walter E. Weyl. *Review of Reviews*.  
Grotius, Hugo. Andrew D. White. *Atlantic*.  
Hand, Chat about the. Helen Keller. *Century*.  
Hans Breitmann. Elizabeth Robins Pennell. *Atlantic*.  
"Honor" Question of. T. R. Lounsbury. *Harper*.  
Ichthyosaurs. Henry F. Osborn. *Century*.  
James, Henry. Joseph Conrad. *North American*.  
Japan and Asiatic Leadership. P. S. Reinsch. *No. American*.  
Japan's Ambition, A Glimpse of. *World's Work*.  
Life Insurance, How to Buy. H. W. Lanier. *World's Work*.  
Paintings, Comparative Exhibition of. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
Panama Canal from a Contractor's Standpoint. *No. Amer.*  
Paris, Poor Children of. Mrs. J. Von Vorst. *Harper*.  
Pawnbroker Auctions in New York. A. B. Paine. *Century*.  
Philippines, Christmas in the. David Gray. *Century*.  
Physical Deterioration in England. Thos. Burke. *Forum*.  
Pittsburg,—a New Great City. *Review of Reviews*.  
Presidential Election, Our Method of. *North American*.  
Railroad's Control, Freeing a City from a. *World's Work*.  
Railroad's Death-Roll, The. Leroy Scott. *World's Work*.  
'Readable Proposition, A.' Bliss Perry. *Atlantic*.  
Russia, New Era in. E. J. Dillon. *Review of Reviews*.  
Russia, Representative Government for. *North American*.  
Russian Words, English Spelling of. *Review of Reviews*.  
Sainte-Beuve, A Note on. Brander Matthews. *Century*.  
Species, Origin of. Hugo de Vries. *Harper*.  
Street, Ethics of the. Marguerite Merington. *Atlantic*.  
Tariff Reform. Charles J. Bullock. *North American*.  
Thoreau as a Diarist. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.  
Thoreau's Journal. *Atlantic*.  
War, New Features of. Thomas F. Millard. *Scribner*.  
War-Dragon's Trail, On the. John Fox, Jr. *Scribner*.  
Zuloaga, the Spanish Painter. Christian Brinton. *Century*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 114 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES. By G. B.-J. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$6. net.

LIPS AND LETTERS OF HENRY PARRY LIDDELL, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. By John Octavius Johnston, M.A.; with a concluding chapter by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. With photogravure portraits, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 424. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS UNDER THE FLAG. By Winfield Scott Schley. Illus. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 439. D. Appleton & Co. \$3. net.

TH. NAST: His Period and his Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 600. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.

JOHN BUNYAN. By W. Hale White. Illus. 12mo, uncut, pp. 222. 'Literary Lives.' Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.

LIFE OF FATHER TAYLOR: The Sailor Preacher. Illus. 8vo, pp. 472. Boston: Old Corner Bookstore. \$1.50.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S OWN STORY: My Fifteen Lost Years. By Florence Elisabeth Maybrick. Illus. 12mo, pp. 394. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.20 net.

DR. BARNARDO, The Foster-Father of 'Nobody's Children.' By Rev. John Herridge Batt. Illus. 12mo, pp. 196. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New edition, with a new preface. 12mo, pp. 345. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

JOHN GILPIN: Maine Farmer and Fisherman. By Charles W. Eliot. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 72. American Unitarian Association. 60 cts. net.

#### HISTORY.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Elroy McKendree Avery. (To be completed in 12 vols.) Vol. I. Illus. in color, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 405. Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co. \$6.25 net.

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